Lost In The Woods

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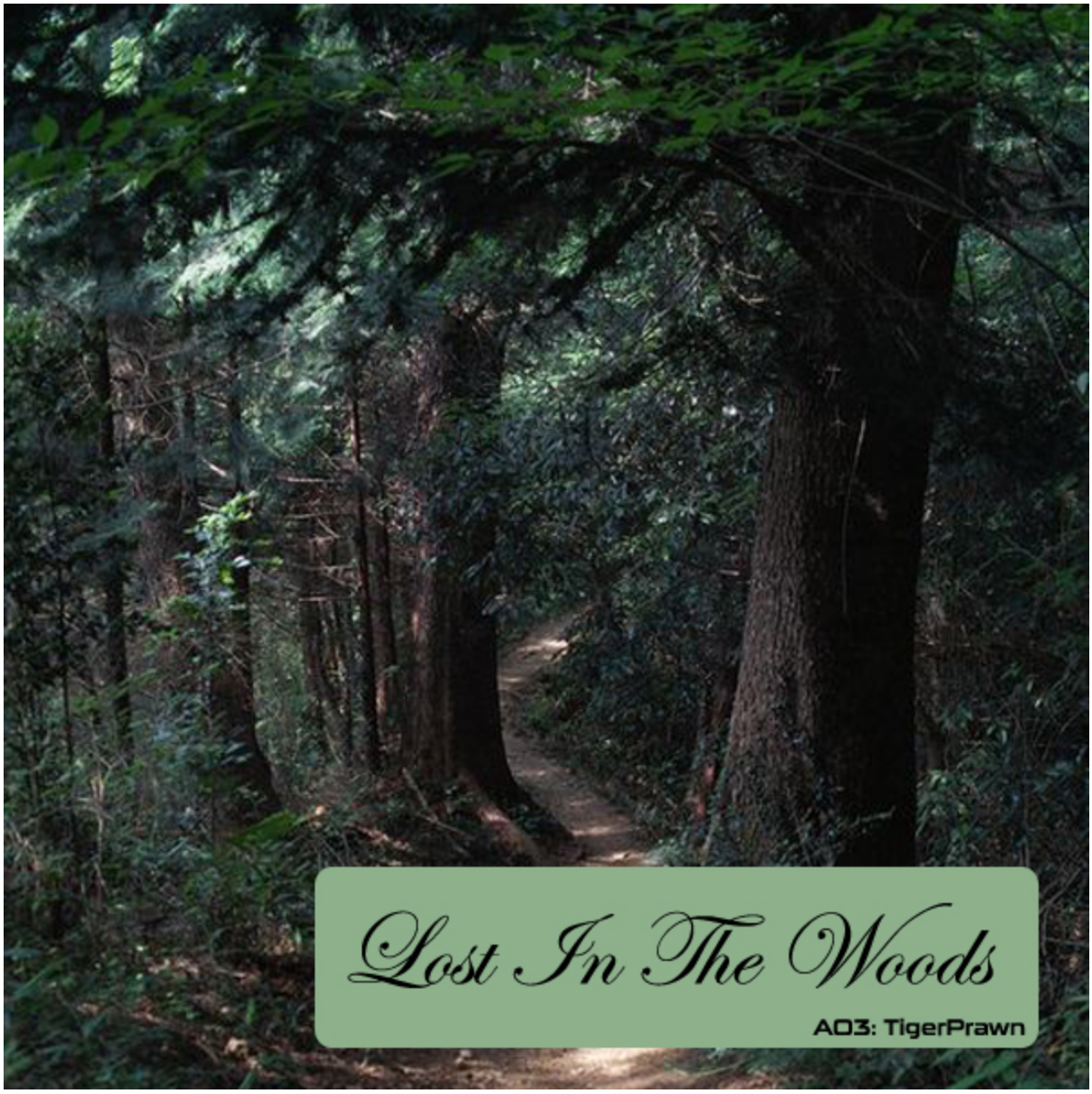
Lost In The Woods

by TigerPrawn

Summary

When Will hears about the wolf in the woods he's convinced it's a werewolf, and is determined to find out... for reasons...



Will grunted, the puffs of breath forced from his lungs with each thrust into his body pushed dirt and leaves away from his face on the floor of detritus beneath him.

“Please, please…” Will begged.

Will knew, if ever anyone found out about this, he would have to tell a different story. That he had been cornered, lost in the woods. That he’d begged for the monster to let him go, but it violated him nonetheless. An innocent boy who had no quarrel with anyone. He had only wanted to take a shortcut home from school.

… And of course that was a version of the truth.

Will dug his fingers into the dirt beneath him, biting into his lower lip as the beast thrust hard enough for Will’s cheek to scrape in the mud. When he thrust again, Will gasped.

“Yes there, oh my god, there!”

The beast above him growled and rut all the more, finding that spot easier with each encounter.

The total truth was that they had all heard stories of a monster roaming these woods. An oversized wolf that even the hunters tried to avoid. There was at least one tale of a bullet doing little more than ricocheting off of the animal’s hide. And that had been enough to put most off.

When Will had heard the stories, he thought little of it at first. He hadn’t used the woods as a shortcut home since his mother had died as they had walked it together. After she died, he usually ended up getting a lift with one of the neighbours. But Mrs Jones had retired her position as school librarian a month earlier and young Will now had to make his own way.

It was the stories that had brought the idea to him - to start taking that shortcut once more. Because there was one common thread to these stories.

Aside from the wolf’s size and strength, the failed attempts to capture or kill. They all said the same thing of the wolf - that it had only one eye.

Perhaps it was just the fanciful thought of a teenager starting to bloom into his sexuality, but Will couldn’t help but believe that the wolf was not a wolf at all. It was the eye that had given Duncan Vizla away.

He was a quiet man, but renowned nonetheless. Will knew from his own experience of being upheaved and so many times when he was younger before they finally settled in Triple Oak, that new folk never went unnoticed. The fact that he had lost an eye not long after moving to the remote cabin on the very edge of town, had been gossip for weeks.

No one else, however, seemed to have Will’s imagination and a ready belief in the supernatural. Otherwise surely more people would have wondered if the one-eyed wolf was in fact the one-eyed man.

Then he had seen the wolf for himself. Not only had been instantly convinced that this monster was not a wolf at all, but a man in wolf’s clothing, but he had felt a stirring in his pants that he usually only felt when watching horror movies.

Will groaned as he felt sharp teeth graze over his shoulder. Not to bite, never to bite, just enough to make the possibility known, and to make Will’s cock throb.

This wasn’t the first time he’d let the monster fuck him. Not by a long shot.

It had started three weeks earlier and been almost every day after school since then.

Will would enter the woods, taking the semi-trodden path towards the stream, and then he would veer off into the lesser used path. One that took him home via a diversion much closer to Vizla’s cabin rather than the direct route he should have stuck to. The first couple of times, Will had seen nothing despite lingering as long as he could.

But that first time, when he had encountered the wolf, Will knew his fate.

The wolf had stared him down, growled and postured. But Will had stood his ground, confusing the monster as he began to loosen his clothes. Up close he saw the man in the monster, the way it stooped rather than truly went on all fours, the hint of humanity in its face.

It had been too cold to strip, but Will had lowered his pants and underwear, muttering gentle words to the wolf, before he sank to all fours and presented himself.

That first time there had only been licking, but it had been enough for Will to come with such a cry that the wolf had run off.

The next evening though, the wolf had been determined to find his own climax. And he had, as he spilled hard and hot inside of Will's tight channel.

"Oh god!" Will cried as the monster above him tightened his arms around Will's body, holding him in place as he pounded into his much smaller body.

He was so close, he knew it would take barely anything to make him come.

And then, with a deep growl, the wolf thrust his knot into Will's ass.

Will cried out, coming all over the woodland floor when the wolf released inside him, tied to him as Will went lax.

The fucking was always so hard and rough that by the time they both climaxed, Will was practically passed out. And this day was no exception. He sagged and the wolf went with him, nuzzling at him as they remained locked together in the dirt.

"Good boy," Will slurred the praise, his eyes fluttering. It felt so good. Not just the fucking, which, really, Will had nothing to compare to. But the knowledge that this beast -this monster- was his to command.

It was the wolf that came looking for Will now as he walked home. It was the wolf who tugged impatiently at Will's clothes as he laughed.

But it was the man who Will saw this night.

As the knot finally began to deflate, Will realised how dark it was. He'd had to stay for detention as a result of day-dreaming in class about this very circumstance. And now he was tired, worn out from school and the punishing, eager fucking that he had just been given.

"That was enthusiastic. Was it because I was so late? Did you think I wasn't coming?" Will chuckled and then yawned, finally letting out a gentle moan as the knot tugged and then slid free.

Sated, Will found his eyelids were heavy and his body relaxed. He knew he should push himself up and get going before it got any later, but it felt so nice to just lay there, even if he

was covered in dirt and his own come- and had more leaking from his ass that he should probably clean up.

He felt the wolf nudge him a couple of times, but then stop and for a moment Will was sure it must have given up and wandered off as it usually did.

“You have twigs in your hair.”

The gruff words spoken above him had Will’s eyes snapping open.

There, in his naked glory, stood the one-eyed man- Duncan Vizla. His cock was still half hard, and Will was sure he didn’t imagine the slight swelling at the base that had to be an echo of the knot. He was as dirty as Will was sure to be, his hair a mess, and his eyepatch missing.

“Mmhmm,” Will hummed and rolled over onto his back so he could get a better view. “I knew it was you.”

Will’s response was evidently not what Vizla had wanted, because he huffed and frowned down at the teen.

“You should go home, it’s late.” Duncan grumbled.

Will smiled - a dopey grin. “I will, I just want to rest, it’s nice here.”

With another huff, Duncan crouched next to him and before Will realised what was happening, he was hoisted up in the man’s thick arms. Will burrowed against the coarse hair of the man’s chest, making himself comfortable so it was harder for the man to set him on his feet.

Duncan made a distressed sort of sound, which Will found amusing from such a large man. From such a monster.

“You need to go home,” Duncan grumbled.

“My dad has been passed out drunk for the last two days, I’m pretty sure he’s not going to notice or care whether I come home or not.”

He felt Duncan’s arms tense for a moment and looked up into his face, batting his eyelashes, his blue eyes sparkling.

“You can come home with me tonight. But that’s it. One night. You sleep on the couch, leave at dawn.” More grumbling and huffing, even as Duncan started to carry Will in the direction of his cabin.

“Yes sir,” Will replied in his sweetest voice, making himself look small and batting his eyelashes once more.

Duncan’s good eye twitched, his lip almost rising in a sneer. Eventually he narrowed his eye at Will and muttered, “you’re a little monster, aren’t you.”

Will grinned and snuggled once more against the furry chest, starting to plan exactly how he could completely lose himself in the woods and become a permanent fixture in the werewolf's life.

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